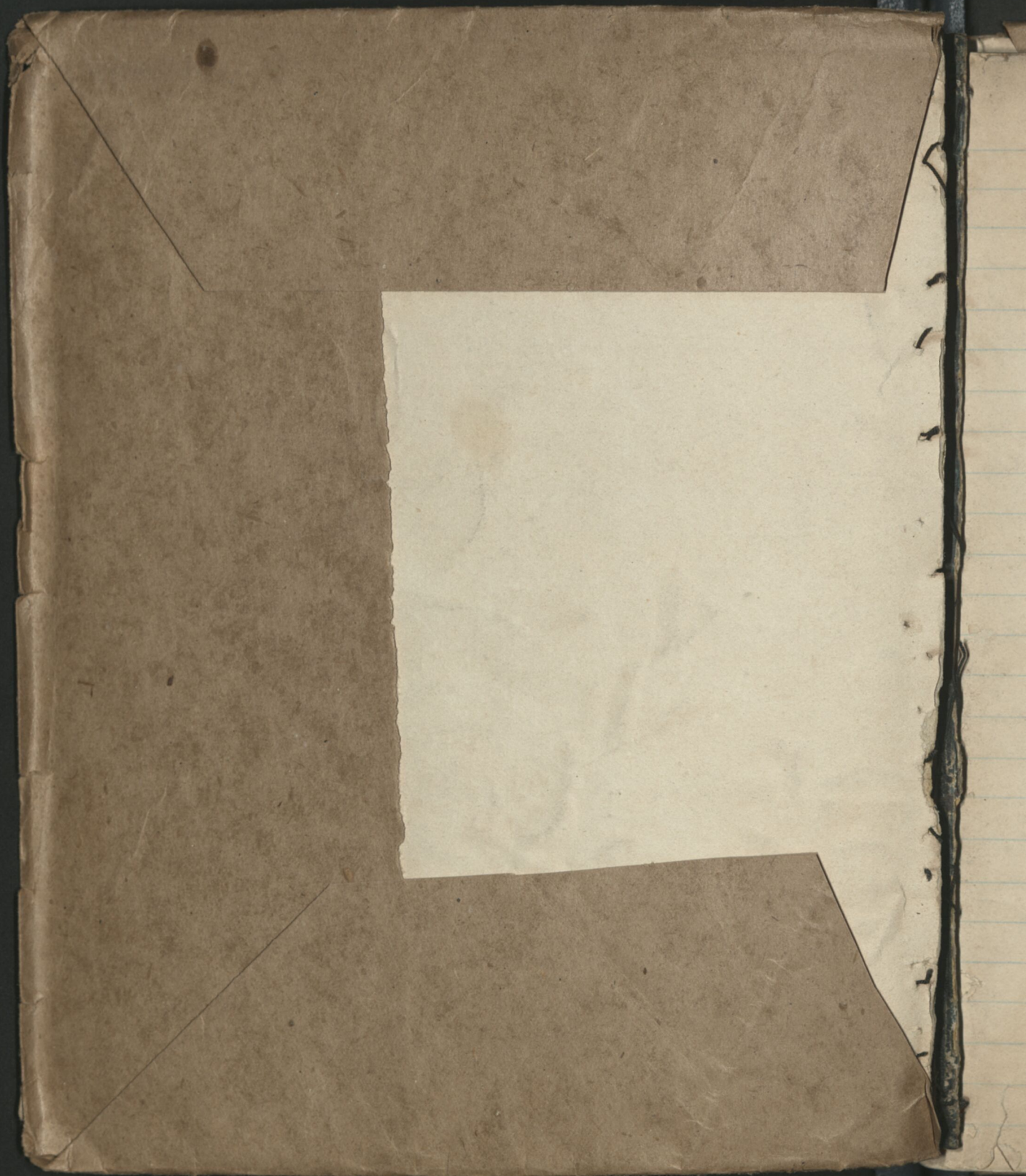


Piece Book



No. 65-4

Mary S. Mitchell

The Changed Cross

It was a time of sadness - and my heart
 Altho it knew and loved the better part;
 Felt, wearied with the conflict & the strife
 And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me
 My trial - tests of faith and love to be,
 It seemed as if I never could be sure
 That faithful to the end, I should endure.

And thus no longer trusting in His might,
 Who says "We walk by faith and not by sight,
 Doubting and almost yielding to despair,
 The thought arose; "My cross I cannot bear"

Far heavier its weight must surely be,
 Than those of others which I daily see;
 Oh! if I might another burden choose,
 Methinks I should not fear any crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
 E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound,
 The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell
 And sleep - upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause and then a heavenly light
 Beamed full upon my wondering, captivated sight
 Angels in silvery wings beamed every where,
 And angels music thrilled the balmy air.

Then One more fair than all the rest to see,
 One to whom all others bowed their knee,
 Came gently to me as I trembling lay
 And "Follow me" he said "I am the way".

Then speaking thus he led me far above,
 And there beneath a canopy of love,
 Crosses of divers shape and size were seen
 Larger and smaller than mine own had been.

And one there was most beautiful to behold,
 A little one with jewels set in gold.
 Ah! this methought I can with comfort bear,
 For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took
 But all at once, my frame beneath it
 The sparkling jewels fair were they to see,
 But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again,
 To see if there was any here could ease my pain,
 But one by one I passed them slowly by
 Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
 And grace and beauty seemed in it combined,
 Wondering I gazed, and still I wondered more
 To think so many should have passed it over.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see,
 Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me,
 Thorns lay beneath those flowers and curls fair,
 Lamenting I said; this cross I may not bear.

And so it was with each and all around,
 No one to suit my need could there be found.
 Weeping I laid each heavy burden down
 As my guide gently said, "No cross no crown."

At length to Him I raised my saddened head,
 He knew its sorrow bid its doubts depart,
 "Be not afraid" he said, "but trust in me,"
 My perfect love shall now be shown in thee.

And then with lightened eyes & willing feet,
 Again I turned my earthly cross to meet,
 With forward step turning not aside
 For fear some hidden peril might betide.

And then in the prepared appointed way
 Listening to hear and ready to obey,
 A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
 With only words of love inscribed therein.

With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
 And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
 The only one of all the many there,
 That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed
 I saw a heavenly brightness on the rest—
 And as I bent my burden to sustain—
 I recognised my own old cross again.

But oh how different did it seem to be
 Now I had learned its preciousness to ^{see} ~~see~~
 No longer could I unbelieving say
 Perhaps another is a better way.

Oh no! henceforth my one desire shall be
 That He, who knows me best, should choose ^{for me}
 And so what'er His love sees good to send
 I'll trust it's best, - because He knows the end.

Thou hopest after death in Heaven eternal ^{find} bliss
 An instantaneous change, a blessing vague, ^{ed fear} and indefinite
 But ah! reflect in time, and fear, for there is cause to ^{be} fear
 That they will little know of Heaven who do not ^{it here} find
 True happiness a flower of Heaven is not ordained to ^{bloom}
 In full luxuriant loveliness on this side of the tomb - ^{down, find}
 But here on earth, and in thy heart the seed must ^{be known} be
 And here on earth and in thy heart the immortal birth ^{be prayed}
 Is watered by repentant tears, and fanned by humi-
 And heedless of the lapse of years, eternal beauty wears

Abby

Loveliness of mind is not a flower that grows
 in the field of Nature, but is planted by the
 finger of ~~God~~ the Creator, in a renewed heart, &
 learned of the lovely Jesus.

To Daniel Wheeler.

On hearing him say in answer to a friend who
queried respecting his home, "I have no home."

" " "

Pilgrim and stranger as thou art, on embassy of love
The messenger of Gospel truth, an heir of rest above,
Well mayst thou say there is no spot, from which thou ^{art} shalt
That work thy spirit findeth not, nor asks an earthly home.

"

most dear

Afar from scenes mostly fondly prized, from friends in life
Duty hath marked thy footsteps out, a way than mine more clear,
But peace, sweet peace, hath followed thee, thy spirits ^{domed} fanned
In every man thy brother seems, and every land thy home.

" " "

And whether moved on England's coast or yet on Russia's plain,
Or on the mountain hollow tost, whilst ploughing o'er the main,
Jesus hath been thy guiding star, and thou couldst safely ^{roam} roam
When riding on the swelling surge, the Freeling was thy ^{home} home.

"

Gods Holy Spirit beaming there, thy passport in the deep,
When dangers darkest home was near, lulled the rough winds ^{to sleep} to sleep
In "perils off" thy faith was staid where evil could not come,
Christ was thy anchor in the storm, thy port, thy spirits home.

" " "

He bade thee go to heathen lands, to seas, & isles afar,
Nor didst thou doubt his touch of love, would be thy guiding star.

"

they steps away

”

91

11

Lloyd

Lines

Suggested by the presence of the English
Friends now in America. From the Friend, 1831

"They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine
as the stars forever & ever."

They have left their home and kindred they are in a stranger
land
The voice of God revealed his will, His will was their ^{mission} ^{name}
They crossed the pathless main, nor feared the sadly teaching
For is not he in whom they trust, Omnipotent to save.

But did no dark forebodings come - was all at peace within
Did prompt obedience sure reward e'en with the toil begin
Ah, no! for nature's fund appeal would in that hour be heard.
Maternity's deep spring of love, within the heart was stirred.

Perhaps some little cherub form, that it was joy to see
Would climb no more with sunny smile, its happy ^{kind} ^{parent's}
Perhaps some gentle household voice, that sighed farewell with
Might never meet come their return to their loved home again.

Then came the thought of glistening eyes "that long had done ^{kind} ^{years}
Eyes that long had kept anxious watch o'er Childhood's ^{years} ^{reckless}
While memory dwelt upon that last, that earnest gaze of love,
Which shows the heart withholds its seal, from what the lips appear

that told 'twas almost close of day
 They feared those silvery locks would to the grave go down
 Would to the grave go down, and they their children far away
 A moment nature shrank, the thought was too, too full of pain
 But ah! their Master's strength, was made in weakness perfect

The voice that lulls the billowy deep, soon bade the storm ^{still} be
 Bade them rejoice that they were called to do His ^{will} changes
 To execute with fearless trust the holy high command
 Go - and glad gospel tidings spread over a distant land.

And beams of heavenly peace around your ^{shall they} guarded path
 Peace that the world can never give, or ever take away,
 But has the fearful sacrifice for us been made in vain
 And shall we trace within our breast, no deathless trace ^{has been}

Bright record that with us an while their dwelling place
 Preparing Temples for the Lord's high service to begin?
 O yes, I trust a fount of light and life they have unveiled
 To many a thirsting fainting soul, a Saviour's love revealed.

Have that that in His service too, there is perfect freedom
 That 'tis the highest bliss of Heaven to do His sovereign will
 And if an humble suppliant may bow before thy throne,
 My Father, and a blessing ask, on hearts to her unknown

Oh grant for them "their lines may fall in pleasant places"
 Beside still waters let them rest, and feel that Thou
 Thou hast declared that great indeed their recompense
 Who have forsaken all to love and only follow thee,

And they have left the near and dear, the parent, child,
 Then in thy holy name may all those sweet affections
 And should the world desert them Lord, be the world to them
 The song of their rejoicing here - in heaven the crowning gem
 Thy sacred guidance grant; I pray, o'er life's tempestuous sea
 A while a gentle course and then a sheltering port in thee.
 E. L. M. A.

The love of Christ hath a height without
 a top, a depth without a bottom, a length
 without an end, and a breadth without
 a limit.

Happiness, pure happiness without mixture, is a plant
 which grows not on earth, its garden is heaven.

Deep truth - that all our sinless hopes that death forbids to
 Will ripen mewith a cloudless sky that dawns beyond the tomb
 Conviction find, that things of time were never yet designed ^{mynd.}
 To quench the vast and deathless thirst of an immortal

^{of bliss,}
 Hush, Hush! my thoughts are resting on a changeless world
 There is no voice of gladness now - can lure me back to this,
 I look to the Redeemer, Oh! be every crime forgiven,
 And take the weary captive to thy blast-abode in heaven
 Oh! teach my heart resignedly to say "thy will be done" ^{holy one,}
 And calmly wait thy summons home ^{my spirit see} thou just and
 Thou mightst have spoiled my cherished schemes, to let
 That happiness is only found, Great God in saving thee.

E. L. M. A.

"While place me seek or place me shun,
 The soul finds happiness in none,
 But with a God to guide our way
 It is equal joy to go or stay."
 Jane, Mary Guyon.

Oh! for a finely tuned ear,
 The Shepherd's voice to hear and know,
 Both when it speaks distinct and clear,
 And when it whispers soft and low.
 Jane Crowdsow.

Charity

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities
 " " "

There is no virtue in which man is ^{so} deficient
 than in the exercise of that spirit of Charity
 "which beareth all things and begetteth all things".
 Though we never should countenance error, yet
 ought we to view and reprove with tenderness the
 faults of others. The pride of our own heart which is ^{ever}
 leading us astray, impels us to detect and expose
 the faults of others, and thus triumph in our fancied
 superiority. We place our own characters as a
 model, and every difference or deficiency re-
 ceives our condemnation. Unmindful of ^{me} the
 diversity of character, the peculiar constitution
 of different minds and the variety of motives
 that govern human actions; we mark out the
 path of thought and action for the whole; an at-
 tempt as absurd and unpracticable, as to prescribe
 one orbit for all the planets, which glitter in the
 firmament.

Charity does not oblige us to overlook
 the errors of a friend. One of the best proofs of friend-
 ship is that affectionate censure which watches
 over the actions of another, marks his errors and
 sedulously labors for their correction.

But it instructs us to bear with affectionate sympathy those eccentricities of character, those fluctuations of temper, and those little excesses whether of gaiety or depression, to which all are subject. We should advise a friend with caution and humility, and reprove with that meekness which would result from a conviction that we also are fallible and that we frequently require today the admonition which was so freely impayed yesterday.

A rather important duty is to guard and defend the reputation of another a friend. The world is prying and captious, the shafts of calumny fly so thickly to miss even the most spellless character; we need not point out the numerous occasions which present themselves to silence the calumnious hint and rectify the equivocal remark.

As a depository of sentiment and the confidant of his secrets, we ought ever to guard the character of a friend, and without excusing or palliating his errors, we may often throw the mantle of protection over his foibles.

Meddling minds sometimes make a captious inquiry that means more than meets the ear, the hint is improved by another, till by constant accession

the trifling incense smells to a mountain &
 thus the avalanche of calumny burst into ruin
 upon the innocent victim, when the timely pro-
 sence and interposition of a real friend would
 have easily prevented the calumny.

Extract

"His soul to him who gave it rose
 "God led it to its long repose,
 "Its glorious rest—
 "And tho' the good man's Sun has set
 "Its light shall linger round us yet
 "Bright, radiant, blest."

Burial at Sea

Garrett: one heavy plunge,
 One cleft in ocean's floor;
 And then the deaf and dulling surge
 Sweeps on, and all is o'er.

No Cross No Crown

"These are they which came out of great tribulation
and have washed their robes and made them white in
the blood of the Lamb"

Oh Christian traveller, who weak and weary
Hast almost faint beneath God's chastening hand
5. 6. 7. Be not dismayed because thy way seems dreary
For thus He fits thee for the promised land.

Jesus thy holy and thy blessed Redeemer,
Thou hadst the same path tho' the beloved Son,
2 & 16 He took upon Him thy weak human nature,
5 & 8 And learned thro' suffering to say "Thy will be done."
And now &c

And now He reigns in everlasting glory,
Such as He did before the world began;
Yet suffers still within the hearts of many
And walks with every self denying one.

When first thou chose Him as thy heavenly leader
Out of the darkness, which His Light revealed,
Thou did not realize how deep thy bondage,
How much corruption was within concealed

But He who did in love and mercy call thee,

Though He may hide Himself is always near,
 And sometimes with a little comfort cheers thee,
 Then seems to leave thee unto doubt and fear,

Now in the wilderness thou long hast wandered,
 Oft mourning that thy progress is so small,
 And by the inward stirrings so bewildered,
 Thou finds it hard indeed to press thro' all.

Thus is the murmuring and rebellious nature
 1. Cor. To be worn out, its every hope denied,
 10. c. Till weaned from every sin polluted pleasure,
 6 Thou learns to walk with Him the Crucified.

And having felt how vain thy best endeavor
 To purify thyself and war with sin,
 Thou'lt call in faith ^{on} Him who can deliver,
 Christ now more perfectly revealed within.

5. c. 5th Then wilt thou joy in every tribulation,
 And gladly wilt bear Christ's yoke and cross,
 Thou canst in humble hearted resignation
 Then count all earthly things a gainful loss.

If Christ's the Captain of thy soul's salvation,

Thou must with Him in every conflict share,
 Heb. 2c Thoult have like Him, thy hour of sore temptation,
 18 But feel His strength in answer to thy prayer.

No more for thee "His quiet habitation"

Rev. 8c, 17 His time of triumph and release from death,
 Than are the hour of inward desolation
 The night of agony and deep distress.

Every degree of life and resurrection,
 Rom. 6c Cometh thro' death and suffering in the flesh;
 2c 3c Until we know a perfect crucifixion,
 2c 12 And reign with Christ in everlasting life.

~~In vain we talk of God's great love and mercy~~

In vain we talk of God's great love and mercy
 1 Cor. In sending to us His beloved Son,
 1c 20 And our believing too is vain & empty,
 Unless within our hearts His work goes on.

With Him will bear the cross the shame despising,
 With Him who is the Way the Truth the Life,
 Thou shalt from suffering vict'ry arise,
 And victory through Him in every strife.

Thou long'st to feel the love of God constraining thee,
 And be a child rejoicing to obey;
 Rom 7:6-9 The Law must do its righteous work within thee,
 And slay that part that standeth in the way.

Then wilt thou freedom ^{know} thro' Christ thy Saviour
 And Him within this prophecy fulfil
 "In sacrifice for sin thou hast no pleasure
 Now lo' & come to do thy Holy will."

Then look not back nor seek a rest polluted,
 Nor by thy doubts & fears prolong the strife,
 But let the flaming sword work as appointed
 That thou may'st feed on Christ the Tree of life.
 S. J. G.

"Let children that would fear the Lord,
 Mind what their Teachers say;
 With reverence mark their Parent's word,
 And with delight obey."

The sandal tree perfumes, when risen
 The sap that laid it low;
 Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
 Forgive and bless his foe.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their
strength

When thou wakest in the morning by slumber refreshed,
And from memory have faded the cares that oppress;
While the heart is yet free from the tumult and strife
Of caused by the daily affairs of this life;
Ere one wakened trouble steals over the mind,
Ere one earthly thought - an embrace can find,
Ere thy feet seek again the path to be trod,
Wait in silence awhile at the footstool of God.

At noon when thou feel'st the full weight of the ^{care},
And the crown of thy office with heaviness bears,
When duties surround thee and fetter the mind,
And too closely to earth its attention would bind,
Then seek from those fetters the mind to release
And bid the wild torrent of business to cease,
And retreating awhile from the path to be trod,
Wait in stillness and come at the footstool of God.

At night - when the strong tide of business ebb's fast,
And the changing events of the day are all past;
When thy loved ones thou meet'st in the quiet of the
Some joy to impart; some joy to receive;
Ere wearied out nature seeks grateful repose.

Ere thy eyes in forgetfulness peacefully close;
 While thy feet are thus turned from the path ^{to God} to be
 'Till in stillness awhile at the footstool of God.

The Lord hath declared, (and his promise is sure,
 And firm and unchanging will ever endure)
 "Though faintness and weakness the youth shall ^{assail}
 And the strength of young men shall utterly fail,
 To those who will faithfully wait upon me,
 An unfailing fountain of strength I will be;
 They shall rise from this earth and its fetters ^{things},
 And soar up aloft as if upon wings;
 They shall run when I send and no weariness ^{know}
 And walk in my path and not faint as they go."
 I. J. G.

"Have communion with few,
 Be intimate with one,
 Deal justly with all,
 Speak evil of none."

Thoughts In A Religious Meeting.

Though few in number, Father, Lord!
 Still in thy name we come
 To wait for thy instructing word,
 Though human lips be dumb;
 Though neither sad nor joyful tone
 Be sent to mortal ear,
 Thou, thou, who knowest the heart alone
 Will kindly listen here.

The while a cold and formal throng
 We seem to mortal eye,
 Thou knowest full many a grateful song
 And many a burdened sigh,
 And heart-felt prayers for strength and grace,
 To walk from error free,
 Rise from this silent-gathering place,
 In sounds of power to thee.

The few that there are wholly thine,
 Who tread the narrow way,
 Told not by outward seal or sign,
 Of their baptismal day;
 Thou only knowest the way and time

Their covenant began
 Thou only when they seek sublime
 Communion with their Son.

Join me to these, as deep to deep,
 Their may be still my choice;
 My soul live as an infant sheep,
 That knows its parents voice,
 While others labor in thy cause
 With words of power and skill,
 Be it but mine to know thy laws,
 To love thee and be still.
 Anis C. Howland Newburyport N.H.

Lines addressed to a beloved
 friend in an hour of affliction by *
 "Trials and afflictions are to those who have
 known the Lord and the power of his redeem-
 ing love, like the pressing of an aromatic
 plant: the more it is under affliction pres-
 sure, the stronger and sweeter does the scent
 thereof arise; Well, therefore may we say, in
 our tribulations, Awake, O North wind; and
 come thou South, blow upon my garden, that
 the spices thereof may flow out."
 * Stephen Grellet copied 1879

Lines written after reading David
Wheeler's Journal of a Religious Visit to
the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.

By P. H. Hansford

Thou hast "passed on" our honored friend,
Thou lover of thy race
And thou hast found thy glorious end
In Heaven thy resting place.
There 'mid the angel worships, thou
Mayst lift thy heart in praise,
And with adoring spirit bow,
"In Heaven thy anthem raise."

And by thy side those spirits bend,
Whose cause thou didst espouse,
When thou beheld in distant land
Their olive tinted brows,
One family on earth thou thou't,
Bound by one spirit-tie,
Both with immortal hopes were fraught,
And both should meet on high.

Far o'er the waves, thy little bark,
With freight of heavenly love,

Sought coral isles with natives dark,
 That love for souls to prove,
 Swift o'er the deep as thou pursued
 Thy path of duty sweet,
 How oft in'd recumbent stillness then,
 Thy savior thou didst meet.

When high around thee rose the sea,
 How was thy spirit staid
 On him who said o'er Galilee,
 " 'Tis I. — be not afraid!
 When calmness settled o'er the waves,
 And like a mother sea
 Of glass, they mirrored azure skies
 Thy God was still with thee;

For thou hadst learned the blessed way
 Whence light and peace may come,
 All gently as the dawning day,
 And pleasant as "sweet home"
 And by communion pure and high,
 And labor for the race,
 Thou meet prepared for yonder sky —
 Thy glorious resting place.
 Nantucket Mass.

Silent Worship

Tho' glorious O God must thy temple have been,
 On the day of its first Dedication,
 When the Cherubim's wings waving ^{were seen} widely
 On high o'er the ark's holy station

When even the chosen of Levi, tho' skilled
 To minister, standing before Thee, ^{veiled}
 Retired from the cloud which the temple then
 And thy glory made Israel adore Thee;

Tho' anfully grand was thy majesty then,
 Yet the worship thy Gospel discloses,
 Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men
 Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual forever ^{ed} repeated,
 But by Him unto whom it was given
 To enter the Oracle where is revealed
 Not the cloud, but the brightness of Heaven,

Who having once entered, has shown us the way,
 O Lord! how to worship before Thee,
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
 But in Spirit and Truth to adore Thee.

This, this is the worship the Saviour made ^{known}
 When she of Samaria found him
 By the patriarch's well, sitting weary alone
 With the stillness of noon-tide around him

How sublime, yet how simple the homage ^{he taught}
 To her, who inquired by that fountain,
 If Jehovah at Goly-mass ^{his} shine would be ^{taught}
 Or adored on Samaria's mountain.

Roman, believe me, the hour is near,
 When he, if ye rightly would hail him,
 Will neither be worshiped exclusively here,
 Nor yet at the Altar of Salem!

For God is a Spirit! and they who aright
 Would perform the pure worship he loveth
 In the hearts holy temple will seek with ^{all} delight
 That Spirit the Father approveth,

And many that prophecy's truth can declare
 Whose bosoms have livingly known it - ^{then}
 Whom God hath instructed to worship him
 And convinced that his Mercy will own it

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
 Now lives but in history's story,
 Extinguished long since its altar bright flame,
 And vanished each glimpse of its glory.

But the christian made wise by a wisdom ^{divine}
 (This all human fabrics should falter,
 Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
 Where the fire burns unquenched on the altar,
 Bernard Barton

God's Angel

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes
 God's meekest angel gently comes;
 No power has he to banish pain,
 As give us back our lost again;
 And yet in tenderest love our dear
 And Heavenly father sends him here

There's quiet in that angel's glance,
 There is rest in his still countenance;
 He smokes no grief with idle cheer,
 Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
 But ill and woe he may not cure
 He helps us kindly to endure." Whittier

In the Nest

Gather them close to your loving heart—
 Cradle them on your breast;
 They will soon enough leave your ^{care} brooding
 Soon enough mount youths' topmost stair—
 Little ones in the nest.

~~Fret not that~~

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
 That their restless feet will run;
 There may come a time in the by & bye
 When you'll sit in your lonely room & sigh
 For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll ^{long} for a repetition sweet,
 That sound through each room—
 Of "Mather"! "Mather" the dear love call
 That will echo long in the silent halls
 And add to their stately gloom

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
 The eager boyish tread,
 The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
 The busy bustle in and out,
 And pattering over head

When the boys and girls are all grown up
 And scattered far and wide,
 Or gone to the undiscovered shore
 Where youth and age come never more,
 You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
 Cradle them on your breast,
 They will soon enough leave your brooding care.
 Soon enough mount youth's topmast stair
 Little ones in the nest.

, , , ,

Only A Little Sparrow

I am only a little sparrow,
 A bird of low degree;
 My life is of little value,
 But the dear Lord loveth for me.

He gave me a coat of feathers,
 It is very plain I know,
 With never a speck of crimson,
 For it was not made for show.

But it keeps me warm in winter
 And it shields me from the rain;
 Were it bordered in gold and purple
 Perhaps it would make me vain,

I have no barn or storehouse,
 I neither sow or reap,
 God gives me a sparrows fortune
 But never a seed to keep.

If my meal is sometimes scanty
 Close picking makes it sweet;
 I have always enough to keep me,
 And "life is more than meat."

I know there are many sparrows,
 All over the world we are found,
 But our Heavenly Father knoweth
 When one of us falls to the ground.

Tho' small we are never forgotten,
 Tho' weak we are never afraid;
 For we know that our dear Lord Redeemeth
 The life of the creatures He made.

I fly through the thickest-forest,
 I light on many a spray;
 I have no chart or compass,
 But I never lose my way.

And I fold my wings at twilight
 Wherever I happen to be,
 For the Father is always watching,
 And no harm can come to me.

I am only a little sparrow,
 A bird of low degree;
 But I know the Father loves me -
 Have you less faith than me?

Perhaps there is no more difficult point for the conscientious parent or teacher to settle, than what recreations are safe and beneficial for our children. Can we determine in this matter, and in the regulation of all that appeals to the aesthetic element; than to conform our teachings and practice to the Christian standard held up by the Mother of Wesley, "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things, that thing is sin to you, however innocent ^{it may be} in itself."

The quaker of the olden time!
 How calm and firm and true,
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
 He walked the dark earth thro',

The lust of power, the love of gain
 The thousand lines of sin
 Around him had no power to stain
 The purity within.

O think of that early day,
 So pure and strong and true,
 Be with us in the narrow way
 Our faithful fathers knew,

Give strength the evil to forsake,
 The cross of Truth to bear,
 And love and reverent fear, to make
 Our daily lives a prayer,

Lines in the Wilderness of Sinai

By Thos. C. Upham

I marked the bright, the silver star,
That nightly decked our desert way,
As shining from its depths afar,
Its heavenly radiance seemed to say,
"Oh, look! from mists and shadows clear,
My cheering light is always here."

I saw thee and at once I knew
Star of the desert! in my heart,
That thou didst shine the emblem true
Of that bright star whose beams impart
From night to night - from day to day,
The solace of their inward way.

There is a beam to light the mind,
There is a star the soul to cheer;
And they that heavenly light - who find,
Shall always see it beaming clear,
The same its bright celestial face,
In every change of time and place.

Star of my heart, that long has shone
To cheer the inward spirit - sky,

Illumined from the heavenly throne,
 Their last a ray that cannot die,
 'Tis God that lights thee! And with Him
 No sky is dark, no sky is dim.

Judge not, but rather in thy heart let
 gentle pity dwell;

Man's judgements err; but there is One who
 doeth all things well,

Throughout the voyage of life this precept
 keep in view,

Do unto others as thou wouldst that they
 should do to thee!

Judge not!

Written by Charles Lamb, for his friend
 Bernard Barton's daughter's Album.

"Whitest thoughts, in whitest dress,"
 Candid meanings, best-express
 Mind of quiet Tenaciousness,

Our Little Garden

Within the crowded city

Where life has scarcely room,
I have a little garden

Where simple flowers bloom.

There grows the morning-glory

With many a varied hue,

Its flowers are pink and purple

And reigns white and blue.

The four o'clock each evening,

Unfolds its scented cups

And from a nook the violets

With diffidence peep up.

The marigold & rose-bush

Have each a fitting place,

And there the yellow jessamine

Expands with modest grace.

The blue-bell and geranium

The beautiful columbine,

The pink, the lady-slipper,

The tender cypress vine.

The brilliant-hued nasturtium
 Is climbing up the wall,
 And there the *Passia Christy*,
 Looks proudly on them all,

I have some rarer flowers
 Of those I will not tell,
 Though I have many reasons
 To love them all full well.

The humble plants are dearest
 And give me deeper joy,
 They tell me of my mother
 The mother of her boy,

She loved such simple flowers
 And tended them with care,
 These many years in Heaven
 She tends the flowers there,

And now teach our children
 To love such flowers too,
 To pattern by her virtues
 As she once used to do,

So when they have no mother
 And when their fathers fled
 They'll have some such memorials
 To tell them of the dead.

Some humble blooming flower
 Which God renews each year,
 To bid them in their duty,
 With faith to persevere.

When they to cares of manhood
 And womanhood attain,
 The lessons flowers teach ~~through~~ them
 They'll find are not in vain.

I went over to see an Indian woman Hyandy.
 8 mo 18 she is a goodly woman, feels she can ask me
 questions with safety. Jane Alsop is her name, An-
 gona Jacksons mother. Whilst I was sitting at her
 bedside, she said read to me ~~Phoebe~~ Haines last poem.
 I had read it to her before and others also, I read it
 & she raised up and said "the good woman" I feel it
 here, sometimes they call on me, in meeting, to tell
 what has been done for me, but I don't feel like,
 and try to mind the Lord, He makes me feel full.

here, putting her hand to her breast - is not for me
to tell" And she asked what I thought and on my
telling her, I felt that sometimes our Heavenly fa-
ther gave us things for ourselves, and sometimes
for others, she said I believe in the stillness, I do
not believe in shouting and making a great noise.
They is the very worst we have, they just ~~be~~ back
biting & backbiting. I believe in the stillness in
the heart,

Selected from a manuscript
book of H. H. Bonwill 1886

For the public Ledger.

I want to trouble your readers with
the question who wrote the sentence. "I expect to
pass this this world but once." If therefore there be any
kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do
to any fellow human being, let me do it now.
Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not
pass this way again. It is attributed to a Qua-
ker. If you can also give me the name of the book
in which it appears, I shall be glad.

It is said to have been James Simpson who
made the foregoing remark.

Deak Bonnets

By Bernard Barton

Verses occasioned by reading in a morning paper, that at a Mtg. convened in London, for some charitable purpose, "among other ladies, we observed a considerable number, whose Deak Bonnets bespoke them members of the Society of Friends."

They may want of costumes, and of brilliant ^{riches} head-^{piece}
 A la Greague - a la Francoise - or whatever they
 They may talk of tiaras, that glitter on tresses
 Enwreathed by the graces, and braided with the
 Yet to my partial glance, I confess the deak bonnet
 Is the loveliest of any, - and most when it bears,
 Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it -
 But, beneath, - the expression Benevolence wears,
 Then let fashion exult, in her rapid vagaries,
 From her fascinations my favorite is free:
 Be folli's the head-gear that momentarily varies,
 But a bonnet of deak is the sweetest to me,

Tho' stately the ostrich-plume, gracefully throning,
 Its feathery flashes of light on the eye;
 Tho' tasty and trim the steam-bonnet, when glancing,
 With its ribbons to glory of various dye!

Yet still I must own, altho' none may seem duller
 Than a simple drab bonnet to many a gown,
 It is, and it will be the favorite color,
 Around which my fancy delightedly plays:
 And it well suits my muse with a garland to wear,
 And echo its praises with gratefullest glee.
 For knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath it,
 The bonnet of drab beats a turban with me.

Full many a gem, — the poet has charmed, —
 In the depths of the ocean flings round it its charm,
 And many a floweret, its beauty commended,
 Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers ^{soon} away,
 And well do I know that our sisterhood number
 Trayed in the livery that betrays its reverse,
 Count as fair as ice rose on a poet's sweet slumber,
 And faces as lovely as ever taught love.
 This I know, and have felt, and thus knowing and ^{ing} full
 A recreant-minstrel I surely should be,
 If my heartfelt attachment ^{ing} ^{ful} ^{ly} concealing,
 The bonnet of drab passed unheeded by me.

I have basked in the blaze of both beauty & fashion,
 Have seen these united with gift rich and ^{care} ^{ful}
 And crowned with a heart that could cherish ^{passion} ^{com}
 And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear,

Yet acknowledging this, which I can do sincerely,
 For the highest enjoyment this bosom ^{ever} ^{has} ^{known},
 The glance which it treasures most fondly ^{dearly} ^{most}
 Beamed from under a bonnet of ^{dark} ^{costly} ^{blue}
 It was my pleasure, my pride, it ^{has} ^{passed} ^{to}
 Spike the track of a ship ^{over} ^{the} ^{dark} ^{heaving} ^{sea},
 But its loveliness lives, its remembrance ^{is} ^{cher} ^{ished} ^{to} ^{me},
 And the bonnet of ^{dark} ^{blue} is still beautiful.

Poem supposed
to be written in

A burial ground belonging to the society
of Friends.
By Bernard Barton

What tho' no sculptur'd monuments around,
 With epitaphs engraven, meet me here;
 Yet conscious feeling owns, with awe profound,
 The habitation of the dead is near,
 With reverend feeling, not with childish fear,
 I tread the ground which they, when living ^{had},
 Pondering this truth, to Christians justly dear,
 Whose influence lends an interest to the end ^{God},
 That crowns their remains: — The dead still live in
 It is not written in the hallowed page.

Of Revelation, God remains to be
 The Lord of all, in every clime and age ^{not see}
 Who feared and served Him living? Did
 Who for our sins expired upon the tree,
 Style him of Abram, Isaac, Jacob, Lord!
 Because they lived to Him; then why should
 (As if we could no fitter need afford) ^{red.}
 Raise them memorials here? Their dust shall be rest.

Could we conceive Death was indeed the close
 Of our existence, Nature might demand
 That, where the reliques of our Friends repose,
 Some record to their Memory should stand,
 To keep them unforgetten in the Land;—
 Then, Then indeed, urn, tomb, or ^{burial} marble
 By sculptors art elaborately planned,
 Would seem a debt due to their ^{dust} mortal ^{burial} remains,
 Tho' time would soon efface the perishable

But-hoping, and believing; yea thro' Faith
 Knowing, because His words have told us so,
 That Christ our Captain, triumphed over death
 And is the first-fruits of the dead below;
 That He has trod for man this path of woe,
 Dying to rise again! we need not grieve
 Death's transitory spell with trophy'd shroud,

As if that "shaxdony vale" supplied no trace
To prove the grave is not our final resting place.

The poets page, indeed would fain supply
A specious reason for the sculptor's art;
Telling of "holy tests that teach to die;" ^{heart} ^{most}
But much I doubt they seldom reach the
Of church yard voices. How should truths in-
struction, when engraven on a stone,
If unconfessed before? The Christian's chart
Records the answer unto ^{tones} ^{given} ^{to} ^{me}
Who for his brethren's sake, pleaded in suppliant

"If Moses and the prophets speak unheard,
Neither would they believe if spoke the dead"
Then how should those, by whom unmoved the ^{have}
Of greater far than such, has oft been read,
By random texts thus "steern around," be led
Aright-to live or die? And how much less
Can false and foolish trinites, idly spread,
In mockery of truth and tenderness,
Awaken solemn thoughts, or holy themes impress?

And therefore, would I never wish to see
Tomb-stone or epitaph obtained here,

All has been done required by decency,
 When the unpriestled spirit sought its sphere,
 The lifeless body stretched upon the bier,
 With due solemnity, was laid in earth;
 And Friendships parting sigh, Affections tear,
 Claimed by pure love, and deeply cherished ^{with}
 Might rise or fall unchecked, as soon ^{with} gave them

There wanted not the pall, or nodding plume,
 The white robed priest, the stated form of pray,
 There needed not the livery'd of garb of gloom,
 That grief, or carelessness alike might wear,
 'Twas felt that such things "had no business" ^{there}
 Instead of these a silent-pause, to tell
 What language could not, or unearn'd by care
 Of custom's rules, from faltering lips then fell,
 Some truths to mourners dear, in memory long ^{and} length

Then came the painful close, — delayed as long
 As well might be for silent-sorrow's sake;
 Hallowed by love, which never seems so strong,
 As when its dearest ties are doomed to break.
 One farewell glance then yet remained to take,
 Scarce could the fearful eye fulfill its trust,
 When leaning o'er the grave with thro't awake
 Of joys departed, the heart felt it must,

Assent unto the truth which tells us, - we are dust,

The scene is past! and what of added good

The dead to honor, or to soothe the living,

Could then have mingled with the spirit's mood

From all the empty show of man's contriving?

What worthier of memory's cherished living

With miser care? In hours of each distress

Deep, deep into itself the heart is diving;

Aye! into depths which reason must confess

At least mine owns them so, awful and fathomless

Oh! 'tis not in the bitterness of grief

Bereavement brings with it, the anguish'd ^{mind}

Can find in funeral mummeries relief.

What matters, to the mourner left behind,

The outward "pomp of circumstance", assign'd

To such a sacrifice? That monument

Is wanted, where affection has enshrin'd

The memory of the dead? Grief must have spent

Before a thought to such poor themes it lent,

And when it has so spent itself, does it need

Need other pile than what itself can build?

O no! - it has an epitaph unwrit,

Yet graven deeper far than the most skilled

Of artist tool can reach - the full heart thrilled
 While that inscription was recording there;
 And till his earthly course shall be fulfilled
 That tablet, indestructable must bear
 The mourners ^{own}, in lines death can alone,

Then be our burial-grounds, such as should ^{my} be
 A simple, but a not-unfeeling race;
 Let them appear to outward semblance, dumb,
 As best befits a quiet-dwelling-place
 Appointed for the prisoners Grace,
 Who wait the promise by the gospel given -
 When the last-trump shall sound the ^{safe} trembling
 Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be risen,
 And all the dead arise before the ^{thron} of Heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
 Unto the "Spiritual body" will be found
 The costliest-canopy, or proudest-tale
 Recorded on it? what avail the bound
 Of holy or unconsecrated ground?
 As freely will the unconsumed sod
 Be cleft asunder at that trumpet's sound
 As Ruyaltij's Magnific^ent abode:
 As pure its inmate rise, and stand before his God!

Then thou lamented and beloved Friend!
 Not friend alone but more than such to me
 Whose blameless life, and peaceful, hopeful end,
 Endear alike, thy cherished memory;
 Thine will a joyful resurrection be.

Thy works before-hand, unto judgment gone,
 The second death shall have no power o'er thee,
 On thee redeemed by his beloved Son,
 Thy Father then shall smile, and greet thee with

Could I but hope a lot so blest as thine
 Awaited one, no happier world I crave;
 That hope should then forbid me to repine
 That Heaven so soon resumed the death it gave;
 That hope should teach me every ill to brave;
 Should whisper mid the tempests loudest tone,
 Thy Spirit-marked with me life's stormiest wave,
 And led me, when times fleeting span was flown,
 Calmly to share thy couch which needs no grave.

"Almost Home."

Almost Home!

And though the way has ne'er seemed near,
And stars have glimmered thro' the darkest night,
Though, when it stormed the day was never dreary,
Yet I am glad I'm almost home.

Never alone!

One faithful form was ever near me,
One eye was ever watching, one strong arm
Was ever round me; dear love how could I ever
Yet I am glad I'm almost home.

Almost-homeie!

Only a few steps more, and then the river,
Dear love, why should I greatly fear to cross?
Only a step, one step, and then forever
I'm home, dear love, I'm home,

Slowly and mournfully
sung, at cousin L. G. Davis
Funeral. - 8mo, 1889

The mystery dimly understood,
 That love of God is love of good,
 That Book and Church and Day are given
 For man, not God, — for earth, not heaven,
 The blessed means to holiest ends,
 Not masters, but benignant friends.
 Whittier.

Robert Barclay, brave Barclay,
 Of this a glass, darkly
 Thy spirit our progress has headed,
 We fear it may seem
 That for us down the stream,
 There's another apology needed!
 Edmund Brann.

William Penn, William Penn.
 In the annals of men,
 Thy fame stands as true as the dial;
 Some vacantly may think
 He can dip thee in ink,
 But he blackens himself in the trial.

Edmund Brann

Nantucket

By P. C. Hatch.

Nantucket—there is a magic in the sound
 That stirs the memories of years long past;
 If I could choose to earth's remotest bound,
 That isle should be my resting place at last.

When I remember scenes of childish glee,
 And think what I enjoyed in days of yore,
 Thoughts of the past come vividly to me,—
 Again I long to tread my native shore.

I feel, or seem to feel, as I did when
 I looked at all things on the brightest side;
 I feel the buoyancy of youth again,
 But ah! that feeling cannot long abide.

Too soon there comes a realizing sense,
 That I am indulging in a waking dream;
 Alas! that sea-girt isle is far from hence—
 Thousands of miles between us intervene.

I'll not complain at the all-wise decree,
 But trustingly submit to higher power.

For God has been most merciful to me,
And cast my lot amid ever blooming flower.

Here is a constant verdure, trees are ever green,
Each changing season greet us with a smile,
But gladly would I change the glittering scene
To look once more upon my Native isle.

Nantucket I am justly proud of thee,
Not only that thou art my place of birth,
And all familiar scenes are dear to me,
But much I hear of thy intrinsic worth.

There's not a place (tis said) in this broad land,
Where women has displayed more power of mind;
Some have in science taken a high stand,
Others have wooed the muse and found her ^{king}.

There's not a day throughout the glad some year,
But my far off island comes to my mind;
Sometimes I am joyous, oft times drop a tear,
For loved ones gone, who were to me most kind.

I once had many friends upon that spot,
At least in youth, we fancied we were friends.

Those early feelings may be all forgot,
 For youthful friendships oft in that way end.

By ties of consanguinity I'm bound
 So many loved ones who still survive there;
 May their regard not prove an empty sound,
 As evanescent as the passing air.

Nantucket I must say to thee farewell,
 Thoult' ever be to me a sacred spot;
 If I can look on thee once more 'tis well,
 But I submit if God decrees it not,

(This poem was written nearly or
 quite 30 years ago, by Phoebe Cartwright Hatch
 sister of one once talented townsman Mary S.
 Coffin. — Ed.)

55
From Iowa to California

Over green Nebraska's fertile plains
We take our westward way,
And by the Platte's low, treeless shore,
Speed the long summer day.

Then on Wyoming's massive height,
By summits white with snow,
Thro' canons wild and gorges deep
With fasted eye we go.

By Utah's Lake and desert sands,
With steady speed we mend;
Along Nevada's barren wastes
A day and night we spend.

On either hand distant or near
Are snow clad mountains seen,
With now and then a lonely rancho
Upon a spot of green.

Our train bears on its freight of souls,
Whence come they? Whither go?
Their History their destiny,
How little do we know.

56

Here where our paths together run
Across the Continent,
An eager, active, hopeful throng
On diverse objects bent,

Are some who mark the hand of God
In all their pilgrim way,
Whose hearts are joined, along the route
In prayer and praise each day.

At length beneath a moonlit sky,
On shortest-summer night,
We cross the California bound
Upon Sierra's height.

The morning sun dawns on a scene
Surpassing all before;
While curbing mid these snowy peaks,
And mines of silver ore.

The 19 Psalm is read this morn,
Beside these mines of gold,
Among a group that soon will part-
To courses manifold.

57.
A few hours more, we find ourselves
In semi-tropic clime,
Amidst the fields and flowers and fruits
Of gorgeous summer time.

Oh California! we greet
Thy beautiful bounteous slope,
With hearts uplifted to our God,
In gratitude and hope.

J. Bean. Wm. 1882

E. W. Childs on the Theatre.

When I was young I lived near a theatre, and many of the actors knew me, and I might have gone any time, and witnessed the performance, without having to pay for it. — Other boys, acquaintances of mine, used to do it, and I would have liked to do it. But I shot it over, and made up my mind that I would not, and I never did.

He was also very much opposed to intoxicating drink, said he had seen many of his young friends go down to ruin by indulging in it, — said the only safe rule — was to touch not, taste not, handle not. He began

book sellers store
printers office and rose to eminence and wealth

Stillness.

Be silent to God; let Him mould thee,
 O Father

Thy lesson art thou learning,
 O tired and weary soul?
 His ways art thou discerning
 Who works to make the whole?
 In the haven of submission
 Art thou satisfied and still?
 Art thou clinging to the Father,
 'neath the shadow of His will?
 Now while His arms enfold thee,
 Think well, He loves thee best,
 Be still and He will mould thee,
 For His heritage of rest.

The vessel must be shapen
 For the joys of Paradise,
 The soul must have her training
 For the service of the skies;
 And if the great Refiner
 In furnaces of pain
 Would do His work more truly,
 Count all His dealings gain.

59
For He himself hath told thee
Of tribulation here;
Be still and let Him mould thee
For the changeless there.

From vintages of sorrow
The deepest joys distilled,
And the cup out stretched for healing
Is oft at Marah filled.
God leads to joy thro' weeping,
To quietness through strife, *

Absently finished on
the next page.

All which thou blearest-Lord, is good,
And unblest good is ill,
And all is right which seems most wrong
Of a better sweet-will.

60.

* Through yielding into conquest
• Through death to endless Life.
Be still He hath enrolled thee
For the kingdom and the crown;
Be silent, let Him mould thee
Who calleth thee His own.

Such silence is communion,
Such stillness is a shine;
The fellowship of suffering,
An ordinance divine
And the secrets of abiding
Most fully are declared
To those who with the Master
Gethsemane have shared.
Then trust Him to uphold thee,
Mid the shadows and the gloom;
Be still and He shall mould thee
For His presence and for home.

For resurrection stillness
There is resurrection Power;
And the prayer and praise of trusting
May glorify each hour;
And common days are holy,
And years are eastertide,

61
For those who with the Risen One
In Risen Life abide,
Then let His true love fold thee,
Keep silence at His word;
Be still and He shall move thee,
O rest thee in the Lord.

Copied 5/6. 1890

"Courage brother! do not stumble
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a Star to guide the humble -
Trust in God and do the right.
Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it barely - strong or weakly,
Trust in God, and do the right -
Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.
Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Turn from man and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

First Day Thoughts

Whittier.

" " " "

In calm and cool and silence, once again
 I find my old accustomed place among
 My brethren, where, perchance no human voice
 Shall utter words; where never hymn is sung,
 Nor deep-toned organ blown, nor censer swung,
 Nor dim light falling thro' the pictured pane!
 There syllabled by silence, let me hear
 The still small voice which reached the ^{ear} prophets
 Read in my heart a still diviner law
 Than Gual's leader on his tables saw!
 There let me strive with each besetting sin,
 Recall my wandering fancies, and restrain
 The sore disquiet of a restless brain;
 And as the path of duty is made plain,
 May grace be given that I may walk therein,
 Not like the hireling for his selfish gain,
 With backward glances, and reluctant tread
 Making a merit of his onward tread,
 But cheerful in the light around me thrown,
 Walking as one to pleasant service led;
 Do God's will as if it were my own,
 Yet trusting not in mine, but in his strength alone.

11 Mo 1890

At Last.

S. G. Whittier.

When on my day of life, the night is falling,
 And in the wind from unsecured spaces blown,
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown,
 Then who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
 Leave not its tenant when its walls decay:
 O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
 Be there my strength and stay:
 Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and light,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting
 The Love which answers mine.
 I have but thee O Father! Let thy Spirit
 I have one then to comfort and uphold;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I mail,
 Nor street of shining gold.
 Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven thee thy abounding grace
 I find myself by ^{hands} familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place.

Over

Some humble door among thy many mansions
 Some sheltering shade where sin and ^{chase} fleeing
 And flowers fresher than heaven's green expansion
 The river of my peace.

There from the music round about me stealing
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find at last beneath thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

From Mr. Cope Foster's Letter

Genterville 11/25 1892

(Who writes of going to Nantucket—the mo-
before to the Mo Mtg.) "Narcissa B. Coffin, (who
very poorly with a cancer and confined to her bed,
was very desirous for the Mtg. to be held in her room
and strength was promised her for the day." We felt
it to be a solemn little gathering, and a very great
privilege to have her company once more. After a
time of silence, her voice was heard with clearness
in the way of the ministry, and as nearly as I can
remember, was, "We must dig deep and lay a sure
foundation on the immutable Rock to withstand
all the storms, trials and temptations of the evil one
that we meet, with in passing this troublesome
journey of life. We meet with many hard things,
sometimes great stones and Oh! that we may seek
for Divine help to know of their being removed or
softened down. Of old dead roots being pruned away
so that new fibres may spring forth, and that these
fibres may grow and gather proper nourishment—
that the plant may grow and bring forth pleasant fruit.
And Oh! sayth my soul, ye that are bowed down and
tossed. Lift up your heads in hope, for the day of your re-
demption draweth nigh. Wherein ye will be enabled

to give praises, high praises, to the Lord immaculate, who
is forever worthy, worthy, worthy world without end!"

She took part in the little business that came before the Mtg,
and near the close said; "This has been an unexpected pri-
vilege to me, but the promise was given me early this morning
as they say thy strength will be, and truly it is so, Oh! what
a loving Father we serve. if we would only give up im-
plicitly to Him. He wanted us to call at 4 P.M. which we
did finding her quite bright and refreshed. The nurse told
me, it was very remarkable how she had been strengthened to
go thru all this, Oh! she is so heavenly minded, so compla-
ine, and so pleasant to do for. In course of the afternoon call
she said "Unfaithfulness is the cause of our present condition
Oh! I have yearned day and night for this poor little company
I want every one of you to be faithful. The stripping and
purifying must go on; some may stumble and fall; some
may be blown away by the wind of doctrine." Give my
love to all dear friends, Oh be faithful, there is an everlast-
ing arm stretched out ~~arm stretched out~~ for all those
who are willing.

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

When thou wakest in the morning by slumber refreshed,
And from memory have faded the cares that oppressed;
While the heart is yet free from the tumult and strife
Oft caused by the daily affairs of this life;
Ere one wakened trouble steals over the mind,
Ere one earthly thought an entrance can find,
Ere thy feet seek again the path to be trod,
Wait in silence awhile at the footstool of God.

At noon when thou feel'st the full weight of thy cares,
And the crown of thy office with heaviness bears,
When duties surround thee and fetter the mind,
And too closely to earth its attention would bind;
Then seek from those fetters the mind to release,
And bid the wild torrent of business to cease,
And retreating awhile from the path to be trod,
Wait in stillness and awe at the footstool of God.

At night when the strong tide of business ebbs fast,
And the changing events of the day are all past;
When thy loved ones thou meet'st in the quiet of eve,
Some joy to impart, some joy to receive;
Ere wearied out nature seeks grateful repose,
Ere thy eyes in forgetfulness peacefully close;
While thy feet are thus turned from the path to be trod,
Wait in stillness awhile at the footstool of God.

The Lord hath declared, (and his promise is sure,
And firm and unchanging will ever endure;) "Though faintness and weakness the youth shall assail,
And the strength of young men shall utterly fail,
To those who will faithfully wait upon me,
An unfailing fountain of strength I will be;
They shall rise from this earth and its fettering things,
And soar up aloft as if upon wings:
They shall run when I send and no weariness know,
And walk in my path and not faint as they go."

*...ingue Christians,
So I humbly trust, that if one work of our Society
should be scattered there will be a "cast*

"They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

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Ere wearied out nature seeks grateful repose,
Ere thy eyes in forgetfulness peacefully close;
While thy feet are thus turned from the path to be trod,
Wait in stillness awhile at the footstool of God.

The Lord hath declared, (and his promise is sure,
And firm and unchanging will ever endure;)
"Though faintness and weakness the youth shall assail,
And the strength of young men shall utterly fail,
To those who will faithfully wait upon me,
An unfailing fountain of strength I will be;
They shall rise from this earth and its fettering things,
And soar up aloft as if upon wings:
They shall run when I send and no weariness know,
And walk in my path and not faint as they go."

Ends Co., Mass., Feb. 11, 1861

Perfumes,
The sandal tree whose riven
The axe that laid it low!
Let man who hopes to be forgiven
Forgive, and bless his foe.
A. S. M.

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Extract from the writings of Daniel Wheeler.

The present state of our Religious Society in my apprehension, very strikingly resembles that of the Jewish Nation in former days; they were a highly favored people; and our society has been favored in a very eminent degree; both have proved themselves unworthy of the tender regard and mercy of a long suffering Lord God. I need not mention to thee the final overthrow of the Jews, as thou art well versed in these things. but it is my belief, that unless the Father of Mercies is pleased to stretch out His ^{everlasting} arm, either to produce a thorough change in the hearts of our members, or to send a day of winnowing that will scatter and disperse the chaffy spirit that so widely and alarmingly prevails, so that none can stand but such as are ^{on} the right foundation, — I say, I believe that unless there is an interference superior to the power of man, the major part of our members will be amalgamated with the general mass of the people, when a few more pestilential years have passed away.

But, as in the destruction of Jerusalem, there was a place provided for the faithful Christians, so I humbly trust, that if the bulk of our Society should be scattered there will be a "cast-

ups" for the honest-hearted amongst us; for the
 Lord will never forsake those who put their trust
 and confidence in Him.

Daniel Wheeler

Copied 8/21 1892

To Blank —

When that long wished for day has come
 And thy 12th year forever flown,
 O mayst thou then still pleasures find
 And joy and peace attend thy mind,

Our years are passing quickly by
 For time 'tis said, doth seem to fly,
 Yet tho' so swiftly pass our days,
 There's one who sees, and knows our way,

The one who never tires or sleeps
 But ever our watch he keeps,
 'Tis Jesus Christ, who came to save
 And all in Him a sinner have.

If we will choose him for our friend
 He'll love and bless us to the end, *

* Will keep us till this life is past,
 And take us home to Heaven, at last.

A few lines found in P. A. Kirkleides
writing desk, after her death. Copy.

A little talk with Jesus; how it smoothes the rugged ^{road,}
How it seems to help me onwards when I faint ^{my long} beneath
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes ^{tears are dim} ^{with him} ^{with him} ^{with him}
There is naught can yield me comfort, like a little talk

I tell Him I am weary, & I fain would be at rest
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home ^{breast} ^{up on His}
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love
I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home ^{about}

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine
Then to my Father's dwelling where many ^{transitions} ^{me}
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He will talk with

I asked the Lord that I might grow
 In faith and love and every grace,
 Might more of His salvation know
 And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
 And He I trust has answered prayer,
 But it has been in such a way
 As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favored hour
 At once He'd answer my request;
 And by His loves constraining power
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.

Instead of this He made me feel
 The hidden evils of my heart,
 And let the angry powers of hell
 Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more with His own hand He seemed
 Intent to aggravate my woe,
 Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
 Blasted my grounds and laid me low,

Lord why is this I trembling cried,
 Will thou pursue thy worm to death?
 It is in this way the Lord replied,
 I answer prayer for grace and faith.

These inward trials I employ
 From self and pride to set thee free,
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou mayst seek thy all in Me.

The Widow of Zarephath

Gently watching, sweetly waiting - even
on the very track,
Whispering to the loving Master, listening
what He speaketh back;

Whispering that her meal is failing, in her
cruze but little oil
Waiting for the blessed Father to release
her from her toil;

As to ask some new commission from His
bounteous loving hand,
So fulfill her visioned mission in the
famine stricken land.

One more work I have assigned thee ere
thou liest down to die,
Feed my people, hunger stricken and
I will thy wants supply;

Faith was low, but life and duty were the
"watch words of her heart".

And she hastened to obey, to perform her
humble part;

Coming to the cress and barrel, very scanty
is her store,
But she poureth forth that little and each
day is added more,

Faithful to her Lords command asking
not the reason why,
"Feed my people" was sufficient, - and
she met the whole supply;

But the blessing of the faithful waited
on the patient one,
And sustaining plenty flowed for her
and for her son,

Oh ye tossed and doubtful workers,
Pour'd you forth your fragal store!

Use it at your Masters bidding, he will
surely give you more.

To the feeders of His prophets and the
succours of His lambs,

Shall in drought receive a blessing, ^{and}
in wind and storm a calm.

Copied from Wayside Thoughts
3^d Mo 1899

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Free as the winds that winnow
 Her shuddering hills of sand -
 Free as the waves that batter
 Along her quivering land.

Thou her'st at duty's summons
 No loftier spirit stirs. -
 Nor falls o'er human suffering
 Arcadian tear than hers.

God bless the sea-beat island!
 And grant forevermore
 That Charity and freedom dwell
 As now, upon her shore!

Three last verses of Whitier's Hallow
 upon Nantucket

